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THE STORY OF THE BELL.

BY CLARA CUSHMAN.

The village was small, and the church was not a cathedral, but a quiet unostentatious stone chapel, half covered by climbing plants, and a forest of dark trees around it. They shaded the interior so completely in the Summer afternoons that the figure of the altar pieces—painted, the villagers averred, by Albrecht Durer—could scarcely be distinguished, and rested upon the broad canvass a mass of shadowy outlines.

A quaint carved belfry rose above the trees, and in the bright dawn of the Sabbath a chime sweet and holy floated from it calling the villagers to their devotions; but the bell whose iron tongue gave forth that chime was not the bell that my story speaks of—there was another, long before that was cast, and hung for years, perhaps a century, in the same place. But now it is no longer elevated; its tongue is mute, for it lies upon the ground, at the foot of the church tower, broken and bruised. It is half buried in the rich mould and there are green stains creeping over, eating into its iron heart; no one heeds it now, for those who had brought it there are sleeping coldly and silently all around in the church yard. The shadow of those dark trees rests on many graves.

How came the old bell to be thus neglected? A new generation arose—

"See," said they, "the church where our parents worshipped falls to decay. Its tower crumbles to the dust. The bell has lost its silver tone; it is cracked, it is broken. We will have a new tower, and another bell shall call us to our worship."

So the old belfry was destroyed, and

the old bell lay at the foundation. It was grieved at the cruel sentence but it scorned to complain; it was voiceless.

They came weeks after to remove it; the remains would still be of use; but strive as they would, no strength was able to raise the bell. It had grown ponderous; it defied them; rooted to the earth as it seemed.

"They cannot make me leave my post," thought the bell. "I will still watch over this holy spot; it has been my care for years."

Time passed and they seek no longer to remove the relic. Its successor rang clearly from the tower above its head, and the old bell slumbered on, in warm sunshine and in dreary storm, unmolested and almost forgotten.

The afternoon was calm but the sun's rays were most powerful. A bright noble boy had been walking listlessly under the whispering trees. He was high in health and was resting from eager exercise, for there was a flush upon his open brow, and as he walked he wiped the beaded drops from his forehead.

"Ah, here is the place," said he, "I will lie down in this cool shade and read this pleasant volume." So the youth stretched his weary limbs upon the velvet grass and his head rested near the old bell: but he did not know it, for there was a low shrub with thick serrated leaves and fragrant blossoms spreading over it, and the youth did not care to look beyond.

Presently the letters in his book began to show indistinct, there was a fly creeping over the page and while he wondered at the marvel a low clear voice spoke to him. Yes, it called his name, "Novalis."

"I am here," said the lad though he could see no one. He glanced upward and around, yet there was no living creature in sight.

"Listen" said the voice. "I have not spoken to mortal for many, many years.—My voice was hushed at thy birth. Come I will tell thee of it." The youth listened, though he was sadly amazed. He felt bound to the spot and he could not close his ears.

"Time has passed swiftly away," said the voice, "since I watched the children, who are now men and women, at their sports in the neighbouring forest. I looked out from my station in the old tower, and morning and evening beheld with joy those innocent faces, as they ran and bounded in wild delight, fearless of the future, and careless of the present hour. They were all my children, for I had rejoiced at their birth; and if it was ordained that the Good Shepherd early called one of the lambs to his bosom, I tolled not mournfully, but solemnly at the departure. I knew it was far better for those who slept thus peacefully, and I could not sorrow for them.

"I marked one, a fair delicate girl, who very often separated from her merry companions. She would leave their noisy play and stealing with her book and work through the dark old trees, would sit for hours in the shadow of the tower. Tho' she never came without a volume, such a one as just now you were reading, the book was often neglected; and leaning her head upon her hand, she would remain until twilight tenderly veiled

her beautiful form, wrapt in a deep still musing. I knew that her thoughts were holy and pure—often of Heaven, for she would raise her eyes to the bending sky, jewelled as it was in the evening hour, and seeming in prayer, though her lips moved not and the listening breezes could not catch a murmured word.

"But the girl grew innocent as in her childhood, yet with a rosier flush upon her cheeks, and a brighter lustre in her dreamy eye I did not see her so often, but when my voice on a Sabbath morning called those who loved the good Father to come and thank him for his wondrous mercy and goodness, she was the first to obey the summons; and I watched the snowy drapery which she always wore as it fluttered by in the dark foliage or gleamed in the glad sunshine. She did not come alone, for grandsire ever leaned upon her arm, and she guided his uncertain steps, and listened earnestly at the words which he spake. Then I marked that often another joined the group—a youth who had been her companion years before, when she was a very child. Now they did not stray as then, with arms entwined, and hand linked in hand; but the youth supported the grandsire, and she walked beside him, looking timidly upon the ground, and if by chance he spoke to her, a bright glow would raise to her lips and forehead.

"Never did my voice ring out for a merrier bridal than on the morn when they were united, before this very church. All the village rejoiced with them, for the gentle girl was loved as a sister and a daughter; all said that the youth to whom she had plighted her troth was well worthy the jewel he had gained. The old praised and the young admired, as the bridal party turned towards their home, a simple vine-shaded cottage not a stone's throw from where thou art lying. They did not forget the God who bestowed so much happiness on them, even in the midst of pleasure; and often would they come in the hush of twilight, and kneeling before the altar, give thanks for all the mercies they had received.

"Two years—long as the period may seem to youth—glide swiftly past when the heart is not at rest. Then once more a chime floated from the belfry. It was at early dawn, when the mist was on the mountain side, and the dew hid trembling in the hare bells, frighted by the first beams of the rising day.—A son had been given them; a bright healthy babe, with eyes blue as the mother's who clasped him to her breast, and dedicated him with her first breath, to the parent who had watched over her orphaned youth, and had given this treasure to her keeping.

"That bright day failed, and even came sadly upon the face of nature.—Deep and mournful was the tone I flung upon the passsing wind; and the fir trees of the forest sent back a moan from their swaying branches, heavily swaying as if for sympathy. Life was that day given but another had been recalled. The young mother's sleep was not broken from the wailing voice of her first born, for it was the repose of death.

"They laid her beside the very spot where she had passed so many hours;

and then I knew it was the grave of her parents which she had so loved to visit.

"The son lived, and the father's grief abated when he saw the boy growing into the image of his mother; and when the child, with uncertain footsteps, had dared to tread upon the velvet grass, the father brought him to the churchyard, and clasping his little hands as he knelt beside him taught the babe that he had also a Father in Heaven.

"I have lain since that time almost by her side, for my pride was humbled when they removed me from the station I had so long occupied. My voice has been hushed from that sorrowful night even until now but I am compelled to to speak to thee.

"Boy, boy? *it is thy mother* of whom I have told thee! Two lives were given for thine? thy mother, who brought thee into the world—thy Saviour who would give a second birth—they have died that thou mightest live. See to it that thou art not found wanting when a reckoning is required of thee."

Suddenly as it had been borne to his ears the voice became silent. The boy started as from a deep sleep, and put his hand to his brow. The dew lay damp upon it—the shades of evening had crept over the churchyard; and he could scarce discern the white slab that marked the resting-place of his mother. It may have been a dream—but when he searched about him for the old bell it was lying with its lip very near to the fragrant pillow upon which he had reposed.

Thoughtfully and slowly the boy went toward his home, but though he told no one not even his father, what had befallen him, the story of the old bell was never forgotten and his future life was influenced by its remembrance.

THE TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

"Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles,
nor suffer their stinging to fret thee;
Thou art wise, and shalt find comfort, if thou
study thy pleasures in trifles;
For slender joys, often repeated, fall like sunshine on the heart!"

THE "trials of a housekeeper!" Where is the mother, or mistress of a family, who does not understand full well the meaning of these emphatic words? As they meet her eye, a dim and shadowy array of recollections come before the mental vision, each of which still awakens something of the uneasiness which their presence originally occasioned. The terms are in every one's mouth, and dull indeed must the ear be that does not hear them daily in the social intercourse of life. But what are these trials which thus particularly beset one portion of the human family? Not, surely, the loss of wealth, or reputation, or friends; not sickness, or death; for these are incidental to every rank and situation, while the vexations to which we refer, seemed to be confined to one particular condition. What, then are those influences which too frequently transform the cheerful, good humoured bride into the peevish, fretful, and discontented wife and mother? That they are usually trifling in themselves may be readily conceded; but that they are therefore unworthy of regard and sympathy, does not by any means follow.

"The deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains;"

and none but the uninitiated can doubt that the mistress of a family is constantly exposed to trifling annoyances, which are, in reality, more difficult to bear than serious afflictions. How often, in cases where we see overwhelming reverses borne with fortitude and equanimity, does the temper give way before those petty inconveniences which are involved in the very existences of the social relations! How often do we see the woman who can stand by the dying bed of a parent, a companion, or a child, with the calmness of Christian submission —who can bear the unwonted privations and humiliations of poverty without a murmur—yet suffer herself and all around her to be made thoroughly uncomfortable, by any one of those trivial accidents to which she is liable, in the management of her domestic affairs! To such an extent is this true, that those great events which form eras in the existence of woman, can not be regarded as a proper criterion by which to judge of the strength of her character, or the equability of her temper. Never, until she has been tried as a housekeeper, is the worth of her character, or its deficiencies, fairly tested.

It is because we have not learned to seek strength from above, for the ordinary purposes of life, that these formidable "trials" obtain so much power over our happiness and usefulness; we feel that grace alone can enable us to bear severe afflictions, but do not expect it on those small occasions which are constantly occurring, and which, more than any other, go to make up the sum total of domestic happiness or misery. We have called them small occasions; they are so in their nature, but not in their consequences. Whatever mars the happiness of a family, whatever affects injuriously the temper and moral character of children or domestics, possesses an importance which we cannot adequately estimate. And what more likely to do this than frequent ebullitions of anger, frequent paroxysms of fretfulness and impatience in her to whom they look for guidance and instruction?—Long after she has forgotten the feeling, and the circumstances which called it forth, the fatal influence is operating on these ductile minds, and preparing them for a repetition of the same scenes in future years.

We talk of commencing and finishing the education of our children—as if this education were not commenced with the very first drawing of infant intellect, and progressing ever since, without one moment's intermission. The mother is herself the first book read by her child; and what he sees there will certainly be copied into his heart and life. Her character and deportment, more than any or all other influences, are educating her children; and happy is it for society when the lessons daily learned of her are such as may safely influence their conduct and conversation. But let it never be forgotten, that example rather than precept is to form the character of those committed to our charge. It is worse than idle to expect that the formal inculcation of sweetness and patience will make our children amiable and forbearing, when they see us irritated by trifles, and thrown off our guard

by the unavoidable evils of life. Woman, as the centre of the domestic circle, should diffuse sunshine and warmth through the whole atmosphere of home. Strong in her physical weakness, and powerful in her gentleness, it is the enviable province of the wife to sooth and cheer her husband, when he comes with fevered brow and ruffled spirit, from his daily avocations, to enjoy, for a few short hours, the delights of home. But if she, who should be the guardian genius of that hallowed spot, meet him with complaints, repinings, and it may be reproaches, instead of cheerful words and a kind welcome—if her face wear habitually a wintry frown instead of the bright smiles which won his heart—what hope of happiness remains for him on earth? A fearful responsibility rests on the wife under such circumstances; and should the husband of her love make shipwreck of hope, and honor, and happiness—should he fly for solace to the intoxicating cup, the gaming table, or the society of the living lost—would not conscience whisper, "Thou art the cause of his undoing?" How many good and noble qualities have we seen obscured by the indulgence of habitual fretfulness, while the unconscious victim of this miserable propensity imagined herself the most blameless and unfortunate of human beings! Beauty, wit, genius, learning—what are they all, when combined with this unlovely and uncomfortable trait of character?

Young ladies, who are toiling after accomplishments, and striving to become elegant, well-bred, and well-educated women, we entreat you to endeavour to earn the appellation of amiable, *good-tempered* women—not by the display of that hollow courtesy which is reserved for public occasions, to advance your own selfish ends, but by the constant practice of kindness and forbearance in the domestic circle. Cultivate, at all times, a spirit of self-denial and accommodation, in your intercourse with others; for depend upon it, if as young ladies you do not learn to subdue your own will, and consult the happiness of those around you, you will be miserable as wives and mothers. There is no magic influence in these relations, to convert the selfish daughter into the patient, devoted mother—or the careless, exacting young girl into the affectionate, disinterested woman. Nothing but the power of the Holy Spirit can enable you to overcome the natural selfishness of the human heart, and without this, every effort will be, to a great extent, unavailing. There must be a new principle implanted within us, ere we can bear with patience the trials of life, or cheerfully yield our own will to that of another.

Everything on the education of woman should tend to develope a spirit of self-devotion and self-renunciation.—This spirit can never be too much cultivated by our sex, because by it our "highest triumphs are to be achieved;" it bears with it, "as it is vanquished or victorious, the destinies of the world."—It is the true mission of woman to exhibit to mankind the moral beauty and power of that love which seeketh not her own, but the love of others, and finds its own highest honor and happiness in so doing. In this limited, but important sphere, she will be "one of the

most active and efficient agents in her heavenly Father's work of man's renovation, and generations yet unborn shall rise up and call her blessed."

RELIGION IN RUSSIA.

In this continual conflict between the principles of good and evil, there is one, and only one sheet-anchor to which Russia has to trust, and it constitutes the grand distinction between European and ancient civilization.—Religion is all-powerful with the bulk of the nation; it forms the true national bond of the empire; the foundation at once of the authority of the throne and the morality of the people. When Alexander, amid the terrors of the French invasion, issued proclamations, breathing devout confidence in almighty protection, and invoking the prayers of the church to the throne of grace to aid the warriors in the deliverance of their country, he appeared to the astonished French to have gone back to the days of the crusades, and to utter an incomprehensible jargon of mysticism and superstition. He spoke the language, however, of all others, the most calculated to rouse the national efforts; he touched a cord which vibrated alike in the hearts of the rich and the poor: he inspired that lofty spirit, that sublime inspiration, which, looking for its reward in another world, is superior to all dangers and temptations of the present.—Nor was his policy mistaken, even with reference to worldly success. The lever was well worth the wielding which broke the power of Napoleon; the enthusiasm not to be despised which fired the torches of Moscow.

The Greek church is the established church of Russia, and to which nineteen-twentieths of the people adhere.—Its doctrines coincide in the main with those of the Romish persuasion, and the mass constitutes the chief part of their public worship; but it differs from the church of Rome in two essential particulars; the marriage of the parish priests and the spiritual authority of the pope. The first is enjoined, instead of being prohibited; the second denied, instead of being obeyed. The worship of figures, statues, or graven images of any kind is unknown: but ample amend is made in the innumerable crosses which are on almost every occasion made on the breast, and the devout adoration bestowed on painted or other *flat* representations of our Saviour, or their favorite saints. Among the dignified clergy are many men of profound learning and enlightened piety; but the great mass of the parochial priests, are little, if at all, elevated above the peasants by whom they are surrounded, whose labors they share, and to whose manners they are generally assimilated. Drinking, and other gross vices, are very frequent among the convicts of Siberia, suffering the just punishment of their crime. Still the elements of incalculable usefulness are to be found among the Russian clergy. They are all supported by land of their own, which renders them independent, at least so far as subsistence is concerned. The profession of the clergy is in a manner hereditary, the sons of serfs not being permitted by their landlords to enter a profession which would deprive

them of their services as laborers; and they are looked up to with unbounded veneration by their flocks. In the gradual devotion and cultivation of this established body of spiritual laborers, the true secret of Russian amelioration is to be found. All the efforts of its government should be directed to this object. Doubtless, in the present age, much that may be turned by unbelief into ridicule, is to be found in their customs; but the experienced observer, versed in the ways of human wickedness, surrounded by the profligacy of civilized heathenism, and acquainted with the necessity of impressing the mass of men by considerations or acts which strike the senses, will not slight even the countless crossing on the breast and bowing to the ground of the Russian peasantry. He will acknowledge, in these rites, the invaluable marks of spiritual sway which are thus testified by an illiterate people; he will hope that an antidote to the temptations of the senses may thus be provided; and expect more from a people thus impressed, than from the orgies of infidelity, or the altars of the goddess of reason.

PROMPTITUDE.

To be prompt in action, is a most invaluable qualification. The man who is constantly in doubt is incapable of managing great affairs.—His knowledge may be extensive, his penetration quick, his understanding enlarged, his imagination vigorous; he may be candid and courteous, generous and noble-minded; he may possess every quality which is calculated to fascinate in conversation, and be able to explain difficult cases with such plausibility as to make all who hear him believe there is no better fitted for business: still he is worse than useless in action. He sees clearly the advantages that must result from the success of a scheme; but then he perceives with equal distinctness the obstacles which stand in the way of its execution.

He weighs the one against the other, and over again weighs them; and he cannot arrive at a decision. No man understands all the niceties—the logical distinctions—of a question half so well, or deliberates half so profoundly, as he does; but nobody can be less the better of a piercing reach of thought, and a painful exercise of the faculties of judgment: for with him the end of all is the hopeless exclamation, "What to do I cannot tell!" In the meantime, opportunity flies; and he enters upon the consideration of some other matter, with the same unprofitable waste of thought. It is extremely hazardous to employ persons of this description in any transaction of importance, unless their part in it be such, that, like sailors, they are told "they have no business to think;" but as companions or counsellors, their value is considerable, because they drop numerous hints, which, used by those who know how to use them in time, turn out to be of infinite consequence.

In war, irresolution is especially disastrous. The general, sitting in his tent with his principal officers, may "deliberate in cold debate," until the enemy enter, and call upon them to surrender. Julius Cæsar used to say that great exploits ought to be executed with-

out waiting for consultation, lest the contemplation of danger should cool the first ardor of courage. Promptitude of decission and of action is besides, indispensable in commanders, inasmuch as their motions and actions are for the most part sudden, on account of the daily occurrence in a campaign of events and vicissitudes, which could neither be foreseen nor provided against. In these circumstances, presence of mind is of greater advantage than a head more sagacious but slow in its operations, and often achieves the most splendid victories. Great conquerors have commonly possessed this quickness of capacity in an eminent degree; as may be instanced in Cæsar, and, above all, in Bonaparte. A readiness of repartee is also of no small consequence, on some occasions, to the leader of an army.—Two or three words aptly thrown out in the heat of the moment, produce much more effect upon soldiery than a studied harangue. "England expects every man to do his duty" was far more inspiriting than all the speeches in Livy would have been, if they had actually been delivered.

Indecision and irresolution fail in all; the power of deciding in sudden emergencies, and vigor in action, gain a part; but it is only forethought and prudence that secure permanent benefits. People are too apt to imagine, that what is called "the nick of time," is a period which arrives, unexpectedly, but once in a man's life; that "the tide which taken at its height doth lead to fortune," offers to the adventurer no more than a single flow; they sit down accordingly, and "wait to see what will cast up," resolved that no minor occupation shall engross their attention, and prevent them from snatching the grand opportunity when it comes. This conduct is as foolish as it would be to remain at the bottom of a mountain, in the hope of acquiring agility enough to leap at once to the summit, in order to avoid the labor of ascending step by step. There are undoubtedly some events which promote a man's fortunes more than others, and seasons when his affairs begin to prosper better. But the wise man knows that these seldom happen fortuitously. What is "the nick of time?" It is the moment when the iron is hot enough for hammering—the industrious smith knows it well, and *brings it about for himself* hundreds of times in a day. When is the tide fortunate? Whenever it flows deep enough to carry the ship out of harbor—the prudent merchant *knows its periods*, and has his vessel ready loaded to sail with it. These, and such as these, are the lucky eras "in the affairs of men." They present themselves, not once in the "threescore and ten years," nor once in a year, but daily, hourly, every minute; they who embrace them, thrive; they who neglect them, never do well. "The nick of time," we might have said, is nothing else but the present time, which always brings with it something needful to be done—some duty, manual or mental, to be performed. If these be not in their turn regularly accomplished, we not only miss "the nick of time" now, but throw ourselves out of all reckoning with regard to it, for the future.

The man who finishes his work, of

whatever kind it may be, in due season, need scarcely fear that he will ever experience any disadvantage from the want of presence of mind. He is always unembarrassed, and whatever comes to his hand, he is ready to execute. Few emergencies harass him, because he is prepared for them beforehand. On the contrary he whose indolence or folly causes him to procrastinate, is always in a hurry, and never does anything well. He can never extricate himself from confusion; and a small thing is to him an emergency, inasmuch as, when the time for undertaking it arrives, he is never ready to begin. The business of to-day he puts off till to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes, finding he has the work of two days on his hands, and that to go through it would cost him unusal labour he says to himself once more, "It will be time enough to-morrow," and postpones all till the third day. Thus he proceeds accumulating in his progress a multitude of dilemmas, from which no earthly prudence or presence of mind is capable of extricating him. We have known men of this kind, who led far more laborious lives, everything considered, than those who did three times as much work. They would forfeit their sleep two nights in the week, slaving and toiling at a business, which, if taken in proper time, and by proper arrangements, could have been very easily accomplished. To act wisely, therefore, in the business of life, we must always combine forethought with promptitude—we must bring *mind* into play. A well-disciplined mind, which, at a glance at all sides of a subject, can see where the difficulties lie, and how they are to be surmounted, is seldom at a loss in acting promptly and prudently. Promtitude without forethought, or the power of acting wisely on the spur of the moment, is of no use, or worse than useless, for it amounts to precipitancy; besides, it is often necessary, in human action, to proceed with deliberate caution—to go on patiently for a time in a dull routine of duty before the period arrives that is to produce the glorious result we anticipated. The famous Michael Angelo, who was very long about his works, said that "in arts haste was good for nothing; and that as nature takes much time in forming what is to last long, so art, which strives to imitate nature, ought to work leisurely: it being impossible for man to do anything that is excellent in haste." Thus, even in some of the higher departments of art, where genius comes into play, long labor and careful execution are indispensible to success. Those who work at ordinary professions may likwise be assured that prudence and persevering industry are no less necessary in their case, and that the only way to hit "the nick of time" is, to be constantly busy in their employments.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend; but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Speak of the absent as if they were present; then if you do not say all that you think, think all that you say.

HYMN OF THE LABORER.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood,
And for that sad experience
Which leaves flesh and blood;
Which leaves tears for another's wo!
Brother in toil respect thyself:
And let thy steadfast virtue show
That man is nobler far than pelf!

Thank God, that like the mountain-oak
My lot is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
And patience in the daily strife.
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not, how'er sloth may deem,
'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we dis-esteem.

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth nor rank; fear only sin,
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within!
Give me thy hand, my brother, give
Thy hard and toil-stained hand to me;
We are no dreamers, we shall live
A brighter, better day to see!

BRIGHTER DAYS.

Let us hope for brighter days!
We have struggled long together,
Hoping that the summer's rays
Might succeed the wintry weather;
Hoping till the summer came.
That to us seemed winter still,
Summer—winter—all the same!
To our hearts as cold and chill!

Let us hope for brighter days!
Surely they must come at last,
As we see the solar rays,
When the storm has hurried past;
So, as 'mid the storm, we know
That the sunbeam will succeed,
Let us not our hope forego
In our darkest hour of need!

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

"He heareth the prayer of the righteous."
—*Solomon.*

MRS. L. is a remnant of the first generation of Methodists in B.—She is still wending her heavenward pilgrimage, after many years of trial and change. Her husband was a sea captain, of French origin, a Catholic in his earlier religious education, but a decided skeptic in his maturer years, tolerating, with affability, the religious opinions of others, but utterly reckless of his own.

Mrs. L. consecrated her house to God; she erected the family altar and guarded its hallowed fire with the fidelity of a vestal priestess. Even her infidel husband was compelled to admire her Christian integrity, and during his stay at home, as well as his absence on the seas, she faithfully gathered her little ones in daily domestic worship.—Skeptic as he was, he felt that that family altar shed a cheering and hallowed light on his hearth-stones, that it was a moral mooring to his household during his frequent and long absence—an affecting, though, it might be, an illusive reminiscence of their early home to his children, when, in after years, they might be dispersed in the world. Nay, often, in foreign ports, amid the dissipated scenes of a sailor's life, did strange and affecting images of that home worship, the supplications and tears of his wife and little ones for their wandering father, pass over his memory, and often in the perilous extremity of the night storm, did the trembling unbeliever bethink himself that the evening prayer

had gone up from affectionate hearts for him, and that good might it be with him if there should be a God to hear it.

Home, how salutary are its memories when sanctified by virtue! How do its dear images—the faces of sisters and brothers, fathers and mothers, though long since in the grave—follow the wanderer over the world, like the presence of blessed angels, ever and anon revealing themselves to his view as they hover over him with looks of sweet complacency or tender rebuke.—Melancholy is the privation of those who have no such ministering memories, the record of whose homes, written on the heart, is only of estrangement and sorrow.

Mrs. L. believed not only in the moral influence of domestic religion, but in the direct answer, sooner or later, of her prayers in behalf of her husband and children. Years passed away without the realization of her hopes; but she persevered, humbly and hopefully, at her altar, till God answered her, though in a way she could not have anticipated. He blessed her by misfortune. She had occasion to correct her son one day by confining him to his chamber. The boy escaped by a window, and could not be found. Days passed away, weeks and months elapsed, and no intimation of the missing child was heard. The mother, wrung with anguish, still clung to the domestic altar. Misgivings, painful misgivings, met her there, during these anxious months. Had she not had reason to expect a different effect on her children from her efforts in their religious education? Had God disregarded her supplications? Was it in vain that she planned and prayed, and wept before him for them? Ah! who has not had such assaults of the adversary in dark hours? But "trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Know ye not that adverse providences are God's most common means of blessing? that he has led the church through the world, and his individual saints up to heaven in triumph, by them? Her boy was wandering, she knew not where; but God's providence was following him and leading him to his salvation.

He had embarked in a vessel, and after a long voyage arrived in Charleston, South Carolina. Here he remained, destitute and dependent, several weeks; but at the moment of his extremity his father arrived unexpectedly in the harbor, from Havre, France — The boy, subdued by reflection and sorrow, flew to the arms of his parent, confessing his misconduct with tears. The juvenile romance of adventure had died in his bosom, but the tender remembrance of his home still lived, melting his young heart, and disposing him to return to its deserted altar and mingle there his tears with those of a mother's anxiety and love.

The vessel sailed for Havana. It arrived at a time when the yellow fever raged in the city. In a few days the poor boy, predisposed perhaps by his anxieties and grief, was attacked by the dreadful malady. And now revived, in overpowering force, the recollections of his early religious instructions. The confused reveries of a fevered brain could not dispel them. The atonement, the duty of repentance and faith, the terrors of death, judgement, and hell,

were ever present to his mind. Ah! even in this extremity the prayers of the desolate mother were prevailing in heaven.

One day, when all hope of his recovery had gone, the father, a man of strong feelings, entered, with a broken spirit, the chamber where he lay. The dying boy, with his tears dropping upon the pillow, was sobbing the name of his mother: "My mother! my dear mother! O, that she were here to pray for me as she used to!"

The father bent over him, unable, for a time, to speak, but mingling his tears with those of his son. Clasping his trembling hands, and casting a look of appalling earnestness at his parent, the boy exclaimed, "Father, I am dying with my sins upon me! I shall be lost in my present state! Send, O send for some one to pray for me!"

"My child," replied the father, trembling with emotion, "there are none but Catholic clergymen on the island, and they cannot help you."

"O, what shall I do, then, father?" exclaimed the son.

"Pray for yourself, my dear child," replied the father, unwilling to repose the destiny of his son on his own infidel views of the future.

"I do," replied the boy; "but I need the help of others; O, can you not, will you not pray yourself for your perishing son, father?"

The captain felt as if the earth shook beneath him. He had never prayed in his life: but his heart melted over his child; he felt, as by consciousness, the necessity and truth of religion. He felt that none but a God could meet this terrible emergency of man. As if smitten down, he fell on his knees by the bedside of his son. His spirit was broken; his tears flowed like rain, and, with agony, he called upon God to save himself and his child. The family and servants of the house were amazed; but he prayed on, and before he rose, his child's prayers were heard, if not his own. The suffering boy had found the peace which passeth understanding.

He died trusting in his Saviour and, full of tranquil hope.

Oppressed with sorrow, the father did not cease to pray for himself; he was deeply convicted of sin, and before long found peace in believing.

He returned to B——; his child a corpse, but himself a new man—the one in heaven, and the other on the way.—He brought to his wife the first news she had received of her missing son.—She wept; but with tears of gratitude as well as sorrow, acknowledging that in affliction, God had blessed her. Her prayers had not failed. Providence had overruled the misconduct of her child for his own and his father's salvation.

Captain L. lived several years after this incident, a devoted Christian, and died praising God aloud for his mercy to him at Cuba.

The impressions of childhood, how ineffaceable are they! How, amid the confusion and dissipation of later life, do they still abide, though concealed—like burning coals, smothered, but not extinguished, amid the rubbish that afterward they consume! Search the records of Christian biography, especially of the Christian ministry, and you will find that a striking proportion were the

children of Christian parents, or, at least, of Christian mothers. If there are any prayers which, more than others, must prevail with God, they are those of the devoted mother pleading for her wandering child.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

One of the most renowned is that of the *Vatican*. The pontiffs of Rome have been enabled to collect the richest manuscripts which exist in the world, through their priests, scattered over the face of the earth. There are in the library of the Vatican copies of the Bible which date back to the sixth century of the Christian era, and many printed or manuscript works, which are found nowhere else. The most interesting documents are not accessible to the public; they are locked up in a distinct apartment, called the *secret archives*, where only the trusty friends of the holy see can enter.

Germany possesses many public libraries, and is, perhaps, the country in Europe where are the most books compared with the population. The learned Germans are noted for their *bookmania*. Several thousands of new volumes are published every year, and no philosophical or historical question, however small, upon which the doctors beyond the Rhine do not compose great books, full of profound erudition. Goettingen, Jena, Berlin, Halle, Heidelberge all the universities have, each, a public library, and aim to surpass the other in the number of volumes. In general, the governments favor this tendency; they would rather spend money for books than give to their subjects free constitutions.

In Spain are rare and precious books. The library of the *Escurial* contains numerous manuscripts from the pen of Arabs. But these treasures lie buried under the dust of ages. For, on the one hand, the civil wars of the peninsula suspended all scientific studies, and on the other hand, the learned of this country have not yet contracted habits independent enough to dare to utter freely the truth. We must wait for other generations more enlightened and free.—Then, the Spaniards may be able to communicate to other nations many facts which will instruct them on the spirit, character, and acts of the Romanism of the dark ages.

The *Bodleian library* at Oxford is one of the most complete which exists; it is especially rich in works of theology, and possesses some manuscripts which have served to revise the text of the New Testament.

France was tardy in forming public depositories for books. She was half-barbarous when Italy and Spain possessed a flourishing civilization. The struggles of the feudal lords, then the atrocious persecutions against the Albigenses, had checked the progress of science and learning. Under the French king, Charles V., who lived from the year 1364 to 1380, the library of Paris contained 910 volumes. One can judge, then, what was the scarcity of books in the rest of France. The English, who invaded France in the following century, carried off the most important manuscript, and history assures us, that the

duke of Bedford committed this pillage with much dexterity. King Louis XI. devoted himself to repair the loss, but was himself too much absorbed by his quarrels with the high feudal barons, to succeed in this literary enterprise.—Francis I., surnamed the father of letters, because he loved and endowed the professors of the universities, had about four hundred volumes. Henry IV. was happier in this respect than his predecessors. He succeeded in collecting several thousand volumes, and was the first who opened this library to the public. But in 1622, that is to say, twelve years after his death, the royal library contained still but 6,000 manuscripts, and nearly 10,000 printed books. What feeble beginnings for an establishment which now comprises so vast a number of volumes that it is almost impossible to count them!

Louis XIV., aided by his minister Colbert, really created the royal library of Paris. He applied himself to protect literature, because he viewed it as the lasting glory of his reign, and he spared nothing to increase his collection of books. He gave orders to all his ambassadors to purchase either orginals, or copies of Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Chinese manuscripts. He paid their weight in gold for some rare works. He instructed consuls, catholic missionaries, all his agents, to second him in this generous design. His efforts were crowned with full success. When he died, he left a library which could rival the greatest in Europe.

The prosecution of his work was continued to the eighteenth century, and the royal library contained about 200,000 volumes in 1789. At this last period, it received a considerable increase, because the national convention ordered that all the books scattered in convents, and churches, should be placed in a common depository. This legislative measure brought, at a single stroke, more than 100,000 new volumes. But this surfeit of books was attended with one sad evil—the improbability, from the mass and confusion, of keeping an exact catalogue of all these books. To this day it is very difficult to get the work which you ask for, and it has become a proverb—"*You can find nothing in the king's library.*"

Napoleon might, amid his remote conquests, have enriched very much the libraries of Paris; but he was too much occupied in organizing his armies, to employ his time in literary pursuits.—The government of the restoration, and that of Louis Philippe, have done nothing worth mentioning for the increase of the royal library; they have only continued to appropriate, every year, from the treasury, a considerable sum, designed to purchase the new publications which appear out of France; for in France there is a law requiring all authors to place *gratuitously* two copies of their works in the royal library.

The present number of volumes which it contains is, probably, between eight and nine hundred thousand. What a vast amount of labor from the human brain! what an amount of science, learning, facts, reasonings, and also of folly and extravagance! How many unknown names in this multitude of authors who sleep by the side of one another, and how are we impressed with the

nothingness of human glory! Here are in this library thousands of writers, who have exhausted their time and their strength in composing books which they judged worthy the regard of posterity; and now most of them remain undisturbed on the shelves! Hardly a hundred or a hundred and fifty names have acquired a lasting popularity; the rest are almost entirely forgotten.

The royal library is divided into four sections: 1. Manuscrips. 2. Medals. 3. Engravings, maps, and plans. 4. Printed books. The manuscripts are very numerous; they form 80,000 volumes, and contain more than a million detached parts. Here are autographs of almost all the great men who have done honor to France; for example, manuscripts of Corneille, Pascal, Moliere, Bossuet, Fenelon, Montesquieu, &c. This is the section which attracts most the attention of strangers. There are remarked in it the prayer-book of Charles the Bald, Louis IX., Mary Stuart, with a great many little pictures, showing the patience and talent of copyists of the dark ages.

The medals number 140,000, of which 80,000 are ancient, and 60,000 modern. This collection of coins is unparalleled in the world. The collection of medals of the Roman emperors is nearly as complete; there are pieces which date back to the age of the remotest Pharoahs.

As to engravings, maps, and plans, the library offers every imaginable resource. It lacks only some military maps, which the government retains in its hands, because they may serve for the defence of the country, or the attack of foreign countries.

The royal library is kept by four librarians called *conservators*. They are learned men who obtain their post as a just reward of their labors. They have under their orders a great many clerks, who bring the books to those who come to make researches. These clerks are young men of good family and good education. About *fonr hundred persons* go every day, to spend several hours in the vast halls of the library; and there are, besides, one or two hundred strangers, merely to view the collections. In general, this establishment is well conducted, and the officers discharge faithfully their duty. The government gives 40,000 francs a year to compose a good catalogue, and this work is not yet accomplished. It would seem that it presents obstacles almost insurmountable, because of the prodigious number of volumes. The difficulty is especially to classify the books in *order of subjects*, and yet it is the only way to render such a catalogue useful. Readers complain very much of this state of things; for out of ten works which they call for, they are happy if they get *four*. For the other six, they are told, *the book is not in its place.*

A word only on the public libraries in the provinces. There are in France one hundred and ninety-five cities which have public libraries, and the whole number of volumes is 2,600,000. Most of these libraries are not frequented by anybody. They are too exclusively theological or literary, because they come from suppressed monasteries.

Original.

PERSEVERANCE IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY J. H.

Concluded from Page 26.

PERSEVERANCE has, however, secured success, and even raised the aspirant to honor and renown, under circumstances far more discouraging and depressing than those to which we have alluded. Those referred to in the previous number had all their senses, the avenues through which knowledge is received into the mind. But the examples which are to be adduced, are those unfortunate individuals, who, although deprived of some of their senses, have, nevertheless, overcome all difficulties, and secured for themselves an enduring fame amongst the great and the good. Blindness is a misfortune which seems more than any other to close up the very avenues of knowledge, and to doom such unfortunate persons to ignorance and misery. Yet there are many examples of distinguished attainments in literature even under this severe deprivation. The following is one of the most remarkable.

Nicholas Saunderson was a native of Yorkshire, born in 1682. He lost not only his sight, but even his eyes, before he was one year old, by the smallpox. This very circumstance may have been the principal cause of his subsequent attainments in literature. At a very early age he distinguished himself above his fellow students in Latin and Greek. It appears that some of his fellow pupils read the lessons to young Saunderson, and by this slight assistance he was able to excel even those who read his lessons to him. Such was his familiarity with both the Greek and Latin languages, that he was accustomed to have authors in those languages read to him in the original text as if they had been his native tongue. Through his life, also, he often showed his command of the Latin, by dictating and speaking it with the utmost readiness. His father taught him Arithmetic, which he learned with as great facility as he had the languages. A gentleman residing in his father's neighborhood gave him his first lessons in Geometry, and he received additional instruction from others; but he soon excelled all his instructors, and was compelled to pursue his studies without any assistance. He had read to him in the original the works of the Grecian Mathematicians, Euclid, Archimedes and Diophantus.—He had by this time arrived at his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, and was very anxious to attend the University of Cambridge, but his father's circumstances would not afford it; and he went to the University not in the capacity of a pupil but of a tutor, and opened classes in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He was allowed a room in the University, and the use of the library, and many other advantages to facilitate his designs. The Professor of Mathematics, the eccentric Whiston, afforded him every assistance in his power. Young Saunderson commenced his lectures upon the optics of Newton. A strange subject, it might appear, for a blind man to give instruction to those in the possession of sight. This secured him a good audience, and the novel lu-

cid manner in which he explained the laws of light, retained and even increased his number of pupils. He could not feel the sensation of light, and this, perhaps, was the only disadvantage under which he laboured. He had a board with holes and pins, and upon these he drew his diagrams and clearly illustrated all the laws of light, perhaps more satisfactorily than by any other diagrams. The laws of reflection and refraction, the formation of the solar spectrum,—the different degrees of refrangibility of the seven solar rays, were all beautifully illustrated by his diagrams. On this board, also, he performed his calculations in Arithmetic by having pins answer for the nine digits and the *cipher*. Mr. Colson, Saunderson's successor at Cambridge, assures us that "he could place and displace his pins with incredible nimbleness and facility, much to the pleasure and surprise of all his beholders. He could even break off in the middle of a calculation, and resume it when he pleased, and could presently know the condition of it by only drawing his fingers gently over the table." Saunderson was accustomed to perform many long and difficult operations, both in Arithmetic and Algebra, and so clear were his conceptions that he seldom forgot any of his demonstrations. His lectures upon Geography and Astronomy, which were illustrated by the use of a wooden globe, were remarkable for their simplicity and clearness.

The attendance upon his lectures continued to increase, and his labors were more and more appreciated. His fame secured for him the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, and when Whiston was expelled from his professorship, in 1711, the influence of Sir Isaac secured to Sanderson the vacant chair.

Before his election to the Professorship of Mathematics, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him; and in 1728 that of Doctor of Laws; on which occasion he delivered a Latin Oration, admired for its purity and eloquence. Saunderson died in 1739, in the 57th year of his age.

His constant labors in his profession left him but little time to prepare any works for the press. But an able treatise on Algebra was published, in two volumes, the year after his death. A work on Fluxious, and a Latin Commentary on Sir I. Newton's "Principia," was published some years after.

There might be added to this extraordinary example that of many others, who, deprived of the same sense, have distinguished themselves in the walks of literature. The two most celebrated poets of their own or any age, wrote the poems which have immortalized them, while they were blind. Homer, the celebrated Greek poet, the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*, is reported to have composed and sung his poems while blind through the cities of Greece. Milton composed his "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise Regained," while blind.

If the energies of the human mind can triumph over such difficulties, let none who have the use of all their senses, be discouraged or suppose that their circumstances are so unfavorable that it would be impossible for them to attain in education. Let the young aspiran' take for his guide the Latin motto, *Or*

nia labor vincit, labor conquers all difficulties. Perseverance must be crowned with success. Luther, on being asked how he could do so much in translating the Bible in the midst of his labors, answered, "I allow no day to pass without translating a verse."

Education begins the gentleman; but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him.

THE PLACE OF GRAVES.

BY GEO. MILLER.

The Grave! Do you start gentle reader at the sound, as one of ill omen? Is it a theme to which you would not willingly listen and which you would not retain in all your thoughts? We will believe it not.—We will not class you among those heedless ones, who, circling in pleasure's giddy round, esteem it no offence to be reminded of that which but reminds us "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

The place of Graves,—Home of the narrow house,—whither the bereaved, turning from scenes which sicken and make hard the heart, may repair to moisten with the tear of sorrow, the newly heaped earth, and renew the offering through long, long years—within whose quiet retreat the desolate may seek faith to surmount and strength to endure the pain of separation—should it not be consecrated in our heart of hearts and wedded to all those associations which may allure the soul, or charm the fancy?

It is true the emotions appropriate to *the ipot* where now lie the forms we have loved—in which are deposited the clayey and ruined tenements which were once the abodes of Intelligence, and illumined by the warm radiance of an undying spirit, are sad—indeed sad.—But it is a sadness which the soul loves—more dear than the mirth that gladdens the hall of revelry. Its dumb tho' eloquent memorials may, indeed, re-open the sluices of our grief, but it is a grief to which the pensive heart clings, which purifies and ennobles it, and which we would not exchange for all the joys of sense.

The grounds selected for the repose of the dead should possess a natural beauty. The "burial place" should be attractive. Instead of the flat, dull surface, stretched out in one, monotonous, unbroken level, it should be relieved by hill and dale. Its scenery should be varied and even romantic. It should be a spot to allure from his carking cares the worldling. It should be a retreat inviting to contemplation, within which the thoughtful soul might sit apart, and commune with its sovereign Disposer.

A burial place should contain the offerings of refined sensibility. Taste should preside at its embellishment.—It should be decorated with shrubs and flowers, adorned with shades and blossoms. Along its walks, and amid its monuments should be disposed the forms and hues of vegetable beauty. There should the rose spring modest on bowed stalk—there, the pansy and the lowly primrose. Let offerings of rue and rosemary be made. There let the yew, green even amid the snows of winter, tell of Immortality. There let the wil-

low, a perpetual mourner, weep. There let the gadding woodbine creep about and there the ancient ivy. We should meet the tall larch sighing to the breeze; and beneath the willow, trailing low its boughs, behold the gleaming marble." Nor should our noble forest trees be wanting to the prospect, but the oak, the chesnut, the hickory and maple should each be summoned to vary the landscape and lend enchantment to all the scene.

Is it to *such* "resting place," that, in this land, we for the most part, commit the dead? Do we

"Pay the deep reverence taught of old—
The homage of man's heart to death—
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breadth?"

And yet, such is the respect we should yield to the dead, not, indeed, for *their* sakes, so much as for our own. It is for the living—for its influence upon our own hearts and in moulding the affections and sensibilities of the young, that the Graves should be kept green, and the "burial place" adorned with taste and elegance. But alas! how often

"Naked rows of graves
"And melancholy ranks of monuments
Are seen instead, where the coarse grass between
Shoots up its dull green spires, and in the wind hisses.

In the turmoil of business—in the scramble for wealth and power, how are the affections neglected! How do we trample upon man's higher and holier nature! It is, as though there were no life beyond—as though it were only ours to delve and toil and strive some little space—to die as the beast dies—to go, —we care not where—we know not whither—to be discarded from all human memory as we are cast out from human sight—with no sorrowing eye to follow us and no touching recollections to be cherished of us by those who survive—as if, in short, it were, indeed.

"The whole of life to live
And all of death to die."

With such grovelling and unworthy thoughts of our own nature—such feeble recognition of the fact, that the departed "are of a higher order than the brutes that perish,"—what wonder—what wonder—if we shall soon become such as, practically we regard ourselves and esteem one another.

Massillon, O.

HABITS.

Habit is a strange thing. It is the adoption and continuation of certain kinds of actions until they become easy and natural to us. But the power of habit is more strange. Look at it. It often counteracts the most severe determination. It constrains many to break the most severe vow. With herculanean energy, it contends with resolutions of the mightiest mind and never will it relinquish its tenacious grip, while there is the least hope of victory. It sways our reputations, controls our feeling, and determines our destinies.—See then what depends upon the habits you contract. How prudent should we be in choosing at first a course of action. Do you hear, young man, your future destiny depends upon the habits you prefer now.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

EDUCATION IN CANADA.

The peace, prosperity, and safety of any people, depend, in a great measure, upon their education. Let the means of education be afforded, let schools and colleges be amply provided in any land, so that the people generally may become intelligent, and secure to themselves the advantages of letters and science, and the effect will be love of country, love of peace, and an approval and support of every measure calculated to promote morality and religion, and the general interests of the nation. An ignorant and stupid populace, may be prepossessed in favour of their country, and have a sort of zeal and blind attachment for the government and institutions which they have been accustomed to revere, and regard as sacred; but true loyalty and enlightened, and safe, patriotism can only be inspired by a knowledge of men and things, and the possession of such principles as a sound education only can impart. Commerce too, and agriculture and manufacture, can never be established upon a permanent basis, or be successfully carried on, and add to a country's wealth and glory, where the people are without education, and where no means are used to elevate the human mind and store it with the right kind of knowledge.

Canada is destined to become a land of education. Favored as it is with the example of a nation beside it doing more to support schools and colleges, for the instruction of its youth, than any other, and having means, which can be made available, sufficient to support schools to any extent required at present, or that may hereafter be necessary, the country will demand the education of all classes of the youth of the province. Besides the example referred to, and the abundance of means at command, there exists in this land a desire, a strong and growing thirst for learning and knowledge, which will prompt all classes and creeds to give the cause of education their support; and a majority will be satisfied with nothing short of an ample and permanent provision for the support of education generally, throughout the country. The people here are differently situated from what they are in most parts of Europe. Almost every man is a proprietor of the soil, or otherwise possessed of property, and regards knowledge, wealth and power, as things within the reach of all, and not, therefore, to be monopolized by a few, to whom all others shall be subservient. There is a principle in existence here, and a spirit and feeling are diffused which persuade persons of every rank, and condition, that they are men, free men, and hence, education, with other blessings and liberties, will be secured by parents for their children. The doctrine that knowledge is power, is understood and believed by Canadians, as well as others upon this continent. We do not, however, wish to convey the idea that all that interest is felt upon the subject of education that its importance demands, but what we wish to be understood to say is, that there is a much deeper interest taken in the question here than in

many older and more populous countries, and that interest is increasing and must and will be felt.

The improvement in our common schools during the last six or eight years, must be pleasing to every friend of this province. Every one who has watched our progress during the last twenty years, has seen a greater improvement in this than in anything else connected with our country's interests. The grammar schools established in the different counties, are an important auxiliary in promoting the higher branches of an English education, and in most of them pupils are instructed in the latin and greek classics. A young man may now obtain a good business,or even professional, education in almost any county in the province, and at a small expense. And the progress of learning and science here is undoubtedly onward. The measure now passing through our Legislature, for disposing of a million acres of the public lands of the province, for the purpose of raising a fund for the support of our common schools, to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds annually, will greatly increase the number and efficiency of schools in the province; and if the law relating to the clergy reserves shall be so altered as to admit of these lands being sold, and their proceeds appropriated to the advancement of the educational interests of the country, Canada will be behind no nation on the globe in point of education. Let then the lovers of learning among our population congratulate themselves on what has been accomplished, or the success which has attended their exertions, and on the prospect of the final victory and triumph of education and knowledge over ignorance, superstition, and all that enslaves and degrades the mind of man.

But while our country in respect to education is likely to rank high among others, those who can appreciate learning, and on whom the success of this cause mainly depends, must not conconclude that they have no more to do, that as the ball has been set in motion, it will roll on and meet with no further obstruction. Education like everything else that is good, has its foes, and not unfrequently where it should receive the greatest support, and from whence its friends have cause to expect the most aid in its advancement, it meets with the greatest opposition, and finds the most difficult obstacles to overcome. We would not disguise the fact that such is the case in Canada. There is a class here who would confine the privileges and advantages of education to a few, and keep the greater portion of the people in ignorance and mental slavery. They hold that for the common people, the laboring portion of community, to have anything like learning makes them too important and independent in their feelings, and views of themselves; and hence, they are opposed to any and every system that will place education and science within the reach of the operative classes, especially the poor. They seem to think that a few should do the thinking, and reap the benefit of education, and that the masses should do the work and servilely bow to the mandates of the more prosperous and fortunate of mankind. Here then we have a source of opposition to

popular education. But the people of Canada are not *now* the people to be enslaved, they are mighty in intellect, they are already enjoying some of the luxuries of learning and science, and in spite of every effort to deprive them of the advantage, they will have schools, and all the facilities for the instruction of their children. Perseverance in the work, and attention to the subject on the part of its friends, will place the cause of education in Canada on a permanent basis, and secure to our country the many valuable advantages and blessings of education and knowledge.

The following remarks on educated mind are from a writer who well understood the subject:—

"EDUCATED MIND IS A NATION'S WEALTH.

When we witness the mighty achievements of art—the locomotive, taking up its burden of a hundred tons, and transporting it for hundreds of miles, between the rising and the setting sun; the steamboat cleaving its rapid way, triumphant over wind and tide; the power-loom, yielding products of greater richness and abundance in a single day, than all the inhabitants of Tyre could have manufactured in years; the printing-press, which could have replaced the Alexandrian library within a week after it was burnt; the lightning, not only domesticated in the laboratories of the useful arts, but employed as a messenger between distant cities; and galleries of beautiful paintings, quickened into life by the sunbeams—when we see all these marvels of power and of celerity, we are prone to conclude that it is to them we are indebted for the increase of our wealth and for the progress of our society. But were there any statistics to show the aggregate value of all the thrifty and painful habits of the people at large; the greater productiveness of the educated than of the brutified labor; the increased power of the intelligent hand and the broader survey of the intelligent eye—could we see a leger-account of the profits which come from forethought, order and system, as they preside over all our farms, in all our workshops, and emphatically in all the labors of our households: we should then know how rapidly their gathered units swell into millions upon millions. The skill that strikes the nail's head, instead of the finger's ends; the care that mends a fence and saves a cornfield, that drives a horse-shoe nail and secures both rider and horse; that extinguishes a light and saves a house; the prudence that cuts the coat according to the cloth: that lays by something for a rainy day, and tha postpones marriage until reasonably sure of a livelihood: the forethought that sees the end from the beginning, and reaches it by the direct rout of an hour instead of the circuitous groopings of a day; the exact remembrance impressed upon childhood to do the errand as it was bidden, and, more than all, the economy of virtue over vice: of restrained over pampered desires—these things are not set down in the works of Political Economy: but they have far more to do with the wealth of nations, than any laws which aim to regulate the balance of trade, or any speculations on capital and labor or any of the great achievements of art. That vast variety

of ways in which an intelligent people surpass a stupid one, and an exemplary people an immoral one, has infinitely more to do with the well-being of a nation, than soil, or climate, or even than government itself, excepting so far as government may prove to be the patron of intelligence and virtue."

TO OUR PATRONS.

THOSE in arrears for the second volume of this magazine will please take notice that if they would have the work at a dollar, they must pay before we send out the next number, which will be in three weeks from the time of issuing this one. We shall continue to publish a number every third week, until we come up so as to get out the work regularly the beginning of every month. If our subscribers will pay up for the current volume immediately, it will be a saving to themselves and a help to us, in these "hard times." Indeed we expect payment in advance; and the sum is so small, and the work so cheap, that every subscriber may just as well pay at one time as another.

We would be glad this year to devote our time and energies to make the *Gem* every way worthy of general support; and this we shall be able to do provided our subscribers *do their part*, and do it *at the proper time.* We have to pay cash for everything used in our line, and if those who receive our publication withhold the pay, as five hundred are doing for last year, we must abandon the enterprise. But we look for a *tangible* support this year, which will be infinitely better than all the professions of friendship and promises of support never redeemed; and we expect our friends, and those friendly to a sound and useful periodical literature in our land, to come up at once, and assist us in giving this monthly that place which it is designed to occupy among the various publications of our country.

POSTAGE ON THIS WORK.

THE postage on the *Gem* this year is but one penny per number; consequently the postage can be no objection to the work being taken. We would advise our subscribers to enquire for the *Gem* and take it from the post office as soon as possible after it arrives. Post Masters dislike to have numbers accumulate on their hands, and besides, some of them send off to the dead letter office all papers and magazines not taken out, about the fifteenth of every month.

OUR ENGRAVING.

THE embellishment we furnish this month, is a north view of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. It presents the building as viewed from Queen street and is a good representation.—These engravings are executed upon stone, at the establishment of Messrs. Scobie and Balfour of this city, and they serve to illustrate that improvement which is taking place in Canadian art.

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who misspend it are the greatest of all prodigals.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE

CANADIAN GEM AND FAMILY VISITOR.

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TORONTO, January 1, 1849.